

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. III.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1827.

No. 23.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE LONDON AMULET.

The House on the Moors.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

The landlord continued silent for sometime. He then asked for dinner, which he ate, if not with appetite, yet with resolution, and then took up a cup of hot elder wine, with the air of one who had a duty to perform which would require all the energy he could muster. In his better days he had been remarkable for personal neatness; but it was many months since the last vestige of this quality left him, to the especial grief of his good wife, who now heard him with surprise entreat her "to make him look decent, by combing his hair, and putting on him a clean cravat." The hair was now as white as milk, and the furrows of age marked the shrunken neck; yet, as no symptoms of disease appeared beyond general weakness, and it was especially evident to all around him that he was free from pulmonary affection, something like hope sprung in the poor woman's bosom as she thus ministered to his wishes not less than his wants.—"If he could open his heart to the Rector, if he could get comfort for his soul, doubtless his strength would return, he could yet redeem his affairs, and all would be well again; and she should not be left with her children in sorrow and poverty."

But her kind offices, though performed by hands now feeble by long suffering, did not fill up the time, and a fearful restlessness that threatened to dissipate the assumed strength of the hour, succeeded. Little Mary happily came back at this juncture; and for a few moments the fond eyes of the father looked upon her with delight, the joy was of short duration; for when she adverted to the time and said, "a carriage was advancing," he told her to go away in a tone so full of deep distress, and even horror, that the poor child was overpowered, and hung round as if incapable of obedience.

"Go away now, Mary," said the mother, leading her to the door; "You shall come again when Mr. W—— is gone." "No, no, no!", cried the father, "she must come no more, she must never look on me again, so come back and kiss me, child, once more for the last, last time."

At this moment the clergyman entered, and the poor child snatched a hasty embrace, and fled from the room. The father shook like a leaf, but by a strong effort so far conquered himself as to require the presence of Mr. J——, who had accompanied the Rector. "You are very weak, my friend," said the latter, "will it not injure you to have another stranger!"

"No sir; I have something to disclose, I must have two witnesses, and—and—my wife had better leave me." "No, James, I had better stay; you will faint perhaps and who can help you so well as I can!"

In another moment the curate was seated in the room, round which his eye glanced mournfully, yet approvingly. It was indeed the chamber of sickness—perhaps of death. Those united by the sweetest and holiest bonds of mortality were to be divided; the house was about to be bereft of its head, and probably doomed to the desolation of poverty, together with the sorrows of widowhood; yet, in the fond anxiety and intense interest of the wife's countenance, in the modest manners of the little weeping girl who had passed him on the stairs, the open Bible laid on the drawers, and the air of more than common neatness in all around, he was indeed to conclude, that as in days past the best affections of the heart had been here cultivated, so in the present time of suffering the consolations of religion might also be experienced.

He was called from this hasty survey, by the deep, sepulchral tone of one who looked as if he were even now an inhabitant of the tomb, yet spoke with a clearness of voice, and strength of lungs, which, in so fragile a being, seemed almost supernatural, and with a brevity and precision, seldom met with in a man of his station.

"You see before you, gentlemen, a man worn down to the brink of the grave by affliction, by remorse. I am now going to do that which I ought to have done twelve months ago. Oh! that God may have mercy, and accept the only atonement I can offer!—but I must hasten. 'You, sir,' (to the rector,) 'remember poor Anak Osborne's death, a year ago?'"

"I remember it perfectly; he called at your house about midnight, and seeing that he was already in liquor, you refused to give him more.—He was found dead, I believe, near this place, in a manner often predicted by his bad habits, poor creature; his waggon had gone over him, and crushed him to death."

"Yes, sir, *found dead!* Alas, but I must speak the truth—all the truth. Anak, although a sad drunkard, was a kind, good natured man, at all other times; but when in liquor, was extremely abusive, and on the night in question he used such provoking language as to raise my anger to the utmost pitch; so that my wife almost pushed him out of the door in kindness, for fear I should be tempted to strike him. The house was full of people, who were returning from the market at 1—, and she was in another moment called to attend them, and probably never heard the shameful language he uttered against her: but unhappily I did, and, unseen by any person, I followed him out of the house, and in my rage seized his own carman's whip (easily wrested out of hands like his) and giving him a violent blow with the butt end on his temple, he fell in a moment (as I believed) dead at my feet. The rage which had prompted me to this mad blow, instantly subsided, and horror and terror possessed me; but my mind was more alive to the dangers which surrounded me than I can describe. Another moment, and all would have been discovered. I was so near the house that I could hear voices and laughter, and from the light which streamed from the windows, I beheld poor old Anak, my victim, at my feet. His well-trained horses were then obeying the direction he had given at the moment I reached him, and were slowly winding round the angle which brought them into the turnpike road, and I saw in a moment the possibility of escaping detection. Grasping the body which at any other time I should have thought beyond my strength, I carried it quite across that corner of ground leading to W—, and laid it on the spot where it was found. During that time no sound escaped the lips, no breath issued from them; yet I thought that at the moment I laid the body down on the road which the waggon had now nearly reached, there was a motion of the heart; yet I laid it down—ah! then, *then* I was indeed a murderer!"

The narrative was arrested; for the wife who had long been gazing on the speaker with looks of incredulity and horror, at this instant dropped on the floor in a deathlike swoon, overpowered by the full and dreadful conviction which seized on her senses. Fond as he had certainly been of her, yet this painful circumstance did not greatly affect the conscious murderer, whose mind was evidently strung up to one awful purpose, and when she had been conveyed to another chamber, he eagerly resumed his terrible narrative.

"How I got back to my own house I know not, for my limbs shook, my tongue cleaved to my mouth, and my hair stood stiff like wire. I slunk in the back way, and came up to this chamber, where, as soon as I was able, I crept into bed. It was not an uncommon thing for me to do this, after I had been busy in my

farm, and was much fatigued; therefore when my wife missed me, she was neither surprised nor sorry, and on coming to bed put out the light speedily, lest she should disturb me. She little thought I was not asleep; she little foresaw that I should never sleep again.

"The horses of Anak at a late hour reached his master's house without their driver. That master, his son, and servants, instantly set out to seek the poor wretch, whose faults they too well knew; and just as the morning sun broke into that window, there was a loud knocking at my door, and voices were heard demanding instant admittance. I jumped out of bed, opened the window, crying vehemently, 'he shall not be brought in here.' At this moment it was impossible for me to see the body, for the window of the house, as you perceive, was betwixt me and the door. Ah! why did not James Green, to whom I spoke, notice these words? Why was I not apprehended, tried, condemned, and executed? Oh! it was cruel carelessness to me.

"My poor wife slept soundly, for she had been much fatigued. I awoke her, and sent her down to the men. My heart bitterly reproached me, for I knew she would be dreadfully shocked, for she was fond of the old carman; but I felt that her presence there would be a protection to me, and that she would enforce my commands not to admit the dead body into the house. Half asleep, she heard but partly what I said; yet, when roused by the dreadful fact, she acted upon it, called the servants, and led the party into the barn, where the inquest was held. I pleaded illness, and did not leave my room for some days; nor was the plea a false one. Such were the sufferings of my mind, that a fever seized on my frame, and I fancied a fire was kindled in my heart which burnt incessantly until I knew the corpse was buried, when I became sensible of great relief, tried to recall my scattered thoughts, to see the importance of eluding suspicion, and the necessity of appearing as usual.

"Conversation still ran on Anak's death, and I heard mention made of the blow on his head with a cold shudder so severe as to arrest my speech, and make my knees smite each other; but my situation was not observed, and another speaker doubted not but that the blow was produced by the fall, and all agreed, 'It was not wonderful that such a man came to such an end.' My wife at these moments never failed to vindicate him, and often to lament him even with tears, recalling the time when he had given flowers and gingerbread to the children, and she would then rend my very heart, by devoutly thanking God that her dear James did not lift his hand against the poor soul on that fatal night."

"As their conversation died away, my alarm so far subsided that I got time to think: then it was I became miserable, with a misery of

which I never could have formed any idea before. My safety pressed on my heart as a perpetual sin no after-reckoning could expiate, and I felt that the mercy of God could never reach me unless I suffered the penalty of death due to my crime. Often, when I wandered on the wild moors, have I thrown myself on the ground to beseech the Almighty to take my life; and when I have seen the forked lightning dance on the rocks, and heard the mutterings of distant thunder, I have sprung forward to meet the storm, in the terrible hope that He would thus accept his victim. Often did I resolve to throw myself into the hands of justice, but the sight of my wife always unmanned me; and at length I soothed myself a little by resolving to do it at the end of one year, if it were possible I could live so long. I then became weak, and troubled with a thousand vain fears; I could not turn my face toward the barn where Anak had been laid: the sound of wheels reminded me of his waggon; the creaking of the sign told me that there I should be gibbeted. Yet do I firmly believe that I have never lost my senses for an hour, nor have I allowed myself to cease from feeling the perpetual sorrow I have so dreadfully earned, save when my precious child has for a single moment beguiled me into the pleasures of a parent."

The unhappy and exhausted man ceased to speak, and his auditors struck with severe horror at the dreadful narrative of the murderer, yet deeply affected with the sad condition of the penitent, were silent also. At length the Rector, who was a man stricken in years, and deeply affected, arose for the purpose of approaching close to the sufferer, and addressing the words now laboring in his bosom to him with the more effect. The poor man mistook his purpose, and by a violent effort sprang from the chair, and threw himself prostrate on the floor, exclaiming, "Take me, reverend, sir! I beseech you, take me—try me—sentence me to death! I am a murderer! I charge you as a minister of Christ, as a magistrate of the land, do your duty upon me."

In great distress and perturbation, the aged clergyman threw his arms around him, and lifted him, as well as he was able, into his chair, as in a tremulous voice he said, "I am not your judge;" and would have proceeded, but the countenance of the invalid was now more wild and livid than before, and in a tenfold agony he exclaimed—"Ah! just so did *his* heart beat against my breast,—once—only once!"

A groan that seemed to shake the foundation of the house now burst from his lips, and his long suffering spirit fled to its eternal audit. In awe and horror, yet with all the tenderness of christian pity, did the spectators behold a transition so fearful and affecting, and deeply did their hearts labor in prayer for that wretched soul, which they could scarcely yet believe

to be dismissed from the woe-worn tenement before them.

Let us for a moment contemplate this terrible and afflicting spectacle. Is it not a "fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," as a "God of vengeance." Is it not necessary that we should continually study the precept, "Be ye angry and sin not," and that, day by day, in humility and prayer, we should seek for the attainment of that spirit which "beareth all things," even the "reproach of the wicked," and which, by "a mild answer, turneth away wrath." That spirit he only can bestow who exhibited its most perfect example in that "when he was reviled he reviled not again."

The widow of this unhappy man survived but a few months, and the children were taken by relations to a distant home, so that I have no knowledge of what became of little Mary, that child of early sorrow. For several years the house was either untenanted or found no abiding inhabitant; for fearful whispers and heart-apalling memorials rendered it a melancholy abode. Even last summer as I passed it in my way to Matlock, the appearance of desolation prevailed as I remember it in my youth. The sign-post had fallen, the garden was a wilderness, the doors and fences were in ruin, green moss crept over the damp stone walls, and grew luxuriantly on the crest of the house of Athol which surmounts the entrance; all around revived the memory of this sad story, and stamped upon this melancholy scene a character like that placed on the brow of the first murderer.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

The Stranger Guest.

"— But who and what art thou,
Of foreign garb, and fearful brow."

The first time I visited Philadelphia was in the depth of an unusually cold winter, some fifteen or twenty years ago. The morning I left Albany, I recollect the weather was hazy, and there were some indications of a storm; these were at first disregarded—but I had not proceeded half a day's journey before it set in to snow; the wind arose from the northwest, and so intensely cold did the tempest come on that I was glad to seek a shelter in a small hut, half hid among the pine trees, and only discerned from the road by the thin column of smoke that ascended from the rude chimney which scarcely protruded itself through the roof.—Humble as was this habitation, I was welcomed to share in the small comfort it afforded; and chose it as a refuge much rather than

"Bide the peltings of the pitiless storm"
without. I was welcomed, I say, for I had a slight acquaintance with the Huberts; I knew them as a family once in affluent circumstances, but by a fortune that was impenetrable as the mysteries of the tomb, a fate the secret

history of which was locked up in their own bosoms, reduced to a far deeper poverty than the peasant knows—to a life of want and woe. Penury does not always touch the heart: and it was easy to read, in a single glance at the group that gathered round the blaze on that evening that the bosoms of the Huberts had felt deeper stabs than even simple penury could give.

The cabin was rudely formed of logs, from between which the clay plastering here and there having fallen out, left large crevices; and one single room was all the dwelling contained. The furniture consisted of a couple of benches, an old stand, and a few wooden dishes. In none of these were to be seen the remains of that opulence of which I learned the Huberts once were the possessors, but it was found in their family attire, and the air still lingering about them. The old lady though negligently dressed, had about her those touches of taste and refinement which cannot deceive, and Ellen Hubert, though her cheeks were thin and pale, and her eyes heavy, perhaps with weeping, carried with her a grace of manner and expression that reminded me of a captive fairy in some desolate region.

She was young and fair; for sorrow, as if proud of its victims, only adds a more delicate, and moving, and pathetic loveliness to beauty. As I gazed, first on her and then on a prattling cherub, that stood beside her, a child of but three or four years, I read, I thought with too great a certainty, the cause of so much grief. The mother shone in every feature of the infant.—But the next hour left me unsatisfied; for when the little object of her care slept, Ellen Hubert became the melancholy girl, I had heard her called; but when it played on her lap, or caught her hand, or pressed its cheeks upon her snowy neck, such a gleam of joy seemed stealing from the recesses of her bosom and mantling her cheeks, that I could not but silently exclaim, there are no recollections of guilt associated with the being of the darling child; she loves, she adores it as an innocent mother.

The violence of the storm increased as the long afternoon wore cheerlessly away, and when the shades of the evening approached, I withdrew from the rude fireside, but frequent sighs broke the silence that had sealed up every tongue; for finding my attempts to lead my hostess or her daughter into conversation, on the subject in which I felt most interest, vain, I sat so long silent that my bosom caught a portion of the disease which was so evidently preying upon them, and with a sad and heavy heart took my seat at a window and looked out upon the forests, as they grew darker and more gloomy every moment. The wind had died away, but the snow now fell in large and heavy flakes: the sky looked even more dense with clouds than before, and I was brooding over my misfortune in being over-

taken by such a storm in such a place, in the worst possible humour, when my eye caught the form of a traveller who, though well mounted on a large and beautiful steed, came slowly winding down the pathway from the road, evidently much fatigued with the journey he had made.

In better moods I should have been overjoyed at the idea of other and more cheerful company than my present for the night, but, as I felt at the moment, I rather viewed the coming unknown as an intruder, about whom I was at least indifferent, and without saying a word, I gazed at him as he alighted, and throwing the bridle over the neck of his animal, approached the door. A loud rap was the first intimation the family had of the coming of a new visitor. The stranger asked for permission to remain in the house thro' the night, adding that he should give them no trouble, as he was provided with provisions and a blanket, and would lay on the floor; the request was granted, and having taken care of his horse, he entered the room, and without taking the least notice of any one, or saying a word, he sat himself down by the fire, shook the snow from his hat and dress, and dropped his cheeks upon his hands, as in a deep and solemn thought.

All was silent as before: the pine fire burned rather dimly, and I could not clearly discern the features of the stranger, who for at least an hour sat fixed as a statue in his position, without, I believe, at all observing me, or being conscious of the existence of any being but himself and our hostess within the room: and I had fallen in a half sleeping reverie when I was aroused by a deep and hollow groan which issued from I knew not where. I shuddered, and drew nearer the fire. Mrs. Hubert, I observed, started from her seat, and walked the floor rapidly, while Ellen convulsively clasped her arms around the babe that lay slumbering in her lap, and pressed her cheek to its forehead. The stranger remained motionless, but again some voice, as if from the bowels of the earth, sent up that hollow groan. I could not determine whence it came, and dared not ask, so agitated did the two females seem to be at the repeat; but it caught the ear of the traveller, who slowly raised his head, and asked in a calm voice, "who is sick?" The old lady clasped her hands and turned pale, as she endeavored to imitate the sound, and replied that she felt unwell. There was mystery in all this that was observed by the stranger; he turned to me and repeated his question. I shook my head in silence, and he again rested his forehead on his hand. Again and again, in rapid succession, the noise was heard. It seemed to come from beneath the floor, and the stranger as if electrified, started from his seat, and cried—"for God's sake what means this? say madam; do not shudder—this mystery must be unveiled,"—then drawing from his bosom

a pistol he seized with the other hand a blazing torch. "I will search the house,"—said he, "something smells of murder." "Merciful heaven!"—screamed the elderly lady, "we are undone."—"Undone?" we repeated in utter astonishment—"what means this?" The groaning continued, and Mrs. Hubert falling upon the neck of her daughter, both were instantly dissolved in an agony of weeping.

Without noticing this, the stranger led the search, and on examining the floor, some loose boards were discovered, which being removed revealed a dark cave beneath, and from it as from a sepulchre those sounds, almost too full of anguish to be human came; the stranger surveyed it, and then cautiously entered. On a couch of straw, at one corner of this dismal abode, we beheld a grey headed ghastly figure, clothed in rags and exhibiting the very image of human wretchedness, stretched out at length. He raised his dim eyes as the light approached him.—"What, have you come at last?" said he in a haggard tone;—"well, you are welcome!—the grave will be a more quiet, a less dreadful repose than this! I am Irvin Hubert!" and reached out his shrivelled hand to me; "you will not need cords" continued he, "this frame is all feebleness and wo—I shall give you no trouble."

By this time Ellen and her mother had come down and I noticed, for the first time, the signs of trepidation steal over the stern features of the stranger; he withdrew with a shudder, and left us with the old man alone. I assisted them in bringing him up to the fire, by which the stranger had again seated himself, in his usual sombre mood, where we laid him on the floor, while Ellen held his head and bathed his face with tears. It was a dreadful moment of inexplicable mystery; and as that lovely girl kissed his wan and withered cheek while her utterance was choked with sobs, and Mrs. Hubert sat motionless by his feet the stranger rose and paced the room with folded arms, and an eye that rolled awfully on all around.

He was to me the most interesting object of the group. Though tall and robust, his figure was handsome; his eye was the keenest and most expressive I ever beheld, and his whole countenance and appearance impressed on my mind an idea of determined boldness, decisive energy, and strength of frame and intellect which I had never imagined could have been combined in one individual. My eyes were rivetted upon him; but what was my astonishment, when suddenly his face brightened up as with a transport of delight and approaching the weeping girl he knelt and took her hand. "Ellen Hubert," said he, "do you know me?"—The affrighted girl had started at the touch, but now her fine eye met his.—He smiled and she exclaimed—"Oh my Henry! my Henry! my Henry!" and fell upon his bosom.

It was as the meeting of lovers in another world; he was the husband of her youth. "You come from the grave," said Ellen, "or where have you been—do you really exist as I see you, or am I wild?" "I am Henry Hubert," replied he. "I left my father's house three years ago, when you recollect you were absent at F——, strangely enough; I had cut myself, and waking at midnight discovered that the bandage had fallen off and that it was bleeding very fast. I dressed and went to the river, intending to bathe it, as it felt enflamed and painful, and while in the act, was seized by a gang of ruffians, robbed of my money, gagged and sent on board a small sloop, from which I never escaped, until I was landed on an Island in the West Indies, destitute of every thing. Here I was impressed on board a ship of war, and taken to the East Indies, where I escaped, engaged in business, amply recovered my losses and returned a month ago, rich in property to my native city: but judge of my despair when I heard that my father had been condemned as a murderer, and that my family and wife were no more. Under these impressions I wandered thus far in search of some rude spot of earth where myself and my name might be buried forever in obscurity. This is my history—the rest you know."

"And it was for murdering you that your father was accused and condemned," said Mrs. Hubert. They brought witnesses who swore he had a violent disagreement with you on the evening you disappeared; your bed was found stained with blood! your room floor was covered with it, and from it traces of blood were discovered down to the water side. On this evidence and some other slight circumstances, your father was found guilty, and sentenced to death. He escaped from prison, and sought a refuge in his home; we abandoned property and friends, and that home for his better concealment, and here, for near three years, has he been the almost constant tenant of the den from which you have just taken him.

These are some of the outlines of one of the most extraordinary incidents I have ever met with. I have only to add what will be anticipated; the character of Mr. Hubert was restored to its original rank, and Henry and Ellen Hubert, one of the best of husbands and the most affectionate of wives live to enjoy the society of each other, in affluent circumstances, in peace and happiness.

The Europeans are themselves blind, who describe fortune without sight. No first rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly: they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune need never hope to find her; coquette-like, she flies from her pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home and minds his business,—*Goldsmith*

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee"
 "From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Letters to a Friend.

NO. VIII.

St. Catharines, (U. C.) May 23, 1826.

MY DEAR W.—The village of Lewiston is small, and is situated on the east side of the Niagara river, opposite Queenstown, and about midway between the falls and Fort Niagara. It is on a fine level situation, and much taste is displayed in the buildings. An Academy is now erecting which will be a great acquisition to the place. It is of stone, three or four stories high, and contains ten windows in length. An elegant Hotel is just finished called the "Frontier House." It is of brick, and is four stories high. Navigation ends at this place—the portage round the falls, is from this village to Fort Schlosser, a distance of eight miles.

On the 19th of December, 1813, Lewiston, together with Youngstown, Manchester, and the Tuscarora villages, were reduced to ashes by the enemy, as a set-off to the burning of Newark, on the 10th of the same month, by the Americans. Those of the inhabitants who were able to flee, left their houses, and the roads from this place to Batavia, presented a "scene of terror and confusion. Mothers without children, and children without mothers." But those who were unable to escape, "were inhumanly butchered by savages, headed by British officers painted. A number of sick soldiers confined to their beds, were bayoneted, and the houses burnt over their heads; several dead bodies were left in the streets to be devoured by hogs and dogs."

On the morning of the 23d, we left Lewiston, and proceeded to the Ferry which crosses to Queenstown. The river is, in this place about three-fourths of a mile in width, and something like 150 feet deep. While crossing we had a fine view of the lofty banks, which cast a shadow of gloom upon the stream, as it swept along—

"Hast'ning to pay its tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity."*

The village of Queenstown is of about the same size as Lewiston, although as to beauty and neatness, it bears no comparison. It is situated under the ridge called the Queenstown Heights. Immediately upon ascending the Heights, we passed the monument which has been erected to the memory of the British General, Brock, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Queenstown on the 12th of October, 1812. It is not quite completed, being as yet but about one hundred feet in height—the intended height is one hundred and twenty feet. As it is situated on the loftiest part of

* Denham.

the mountain, it can be seen at a great distance. We delayed a short time in order to view the battle ground, but there was little remaining worthy of notice. One of the guard houses is yet standing, and in many cases the embankments which were then raised are discernable.

Going about seven miles we arrived at the "Pavilion," which is situated within a few rods of the Falls, and after partaking a little refreshment, walked a short distance to see the ground on which the famous battle of Bridgewater took place. This battle was fought on the 25th of July, 1814. It commenced just before 7 and continued until about half past 10 o'clock, P. M. and is said to be decidedly the best fought of any action which ever took place on the American continent. It was thus spoken of at the time:—"No battle of the war, perhaps none in the annals of the world, can compare with this in the horror and awful grandeur of its character. If the great battles of Austerlitz, Jena, and Mount St. Jean, surpass that of the Cataract in the number of the combatants, and of the slain, it must be recollected that those actions were fought in open day, and by armies forming a line of many leagues extent—that in no instance did the defeated party return three several times to the charge over the dead bodies of their companions; and this in the gloom of night. Nearly two-thirds of the American troops were either killed or wounded. Almost every officer of distinction was wounded. An equal, probably a greater loss, fell on the enemy. What a scene must the battle ground have presented!"

We saw but little of interest, and soon returned to the Pavilion where our dinners were waiting. It was a gloomy reflection that the ground which we had just visited had once been

— "spread
 With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead;
 The dead unmourn'd—unburied left to lie,
 By friends and foes, the dying left to die.
 The victim while he groan'd his soul away,
 Heard the gaunt vulture hurrying to his prey,
 Then strengthless felt the ravening beak that tore
 His widened wounds, and drank the living gore."†

At about 5 o'clock, P. M. after having viewed the Falls from almost every direction, and among the rest, from the roof of the Pavilion, we left that place of wonder, and travelling 12 or 13 miles, arrived at the village of St. Catharines. This is indeed a small place, containing no more than twenty or thirty houses, and many of these of mean appearance. Out of its, three taverns, two are kept in log houses, and I was not a little surprised to see "Printing Office," stuck up over the door of a building of this description. Truly, thought I, this Printer must have a liberal share of Patriotism. He is from New-York, and, to tell the truth, publishes a neat and well-filled sheet. This village is situated upon the route of the Wel-

† Montgomery.

land Canal, which is to connect Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. The canal is 38 miles in length, and is to have 30 locks. When it is finished, vessels will pass on its waters, carrying 160 or 200 tons, which will probably be in the course of next year. It is in the hands of a private company—capital \$800,000—since increased to \$1,000,000. About one-half of the stock is owned in your State, and many of the contractors are Americans—David Thomas, of Cayuga County, is the principal engineer.—Adieu,
HENRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

A Fragment.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew, the scenes in which we once were actors; they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety of his soul,—the wheels of time cannot move too rapidly for him—the light of hope dances in his eye—the smile of expectation plays upon his lip—he looks forward to long years of joy to come—his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men, and mighty deeds—he longs to mount the wheel of ambition, to tread the paths of honor, to hear the shouts of applause.—Look at him again—he is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped its wrinkle upon his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance—he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility—each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers—that the season of youth—when the pulse of anticipation beats high is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of the aged locks? his form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb—he looks back upon the past—his days appear to have been few—and he confesses that they were evil—the magnificence of the great is to him vanity—the hilarity of youth folly; he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other, the world presents little to attract, and nothing to delight him; still, however, he would linger in it, still he would lengthen out his days; though of "beauty's bloom," of "fancy's flash," of "musick's breath," he is forced to exclaim, "I have no pleasure in them." A few more years of infirmity, inanity, and pain must consign him to idiotcy or the grave,—yet this was the gay, the generous, the high minded boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn.—Such is human life—but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

The Yankee outwitted.—One of our townsmen, a Yankee being in company at a tavern in Albany, a Dutchman from this country happened in, and on discovering that they were both from this vicinity inquired the name of the Yankee, I will bet a bottle of wine, replied he that I have the *hardest* name in the company—Done says the Dutchman,—what is it? My name, Sir, is Stone, said he exultingly. "Well den," rejoined the former, "your name is *STONE*, and mine is *HARDER*, (which was the case) now pay de bottle." The Yankee remarked that it was rather a *hard concern*, but that he was fairly beaten—and paid the forfeit.
Watertown Freeman.

*The succession to the throne of England is as follows:—*1. The duke of Clarence; 2. Alexandria Victorio, daughter of the late Duke of Kent; 3. the Duke of Cumberland; 4. his son George Frederick; 5. the Duke of Sussex; 6. the Duke of Cambridge.

SUMMARY.

New Post Offices.—In the town of Saugerties, Ulster co. by the name of Malden, (formerly Bristol) Stephen Kellogg, jun. Esq. P. M.—In the north part of the town of Palatine, Montgomery co. by the name of Ephrata, Christopher Gelman, Esq. P. M.—At Medina, Orleans, co. Justice Ingersoll, P. M.—In the town of Brasher, St. Lawrence co. by the name of Helena, David McMurphy, Esq. P. M.—In the town of Truxton, Courtlandt co. by the name of Morseville, and Mr. Timothy Minner, P. M.—At East Avon, Livingston co. A. A. Bennett, P. M.—At West Chemung, Tioga co. Harvey Everett, P. M.—At East Oswego, Tioga co. H. Thompson, P. M.—At Watervale, Onondaga co. Ansel Judd, P. M.

Mineral Spring.—A valuable mineral spring has recently been discovered near Saratoga, by the new system of boring the earth to a considerable depth for water.

Literary.—A work has appeared in London, as a sequel to the Percy anecdotes, entitled, *Anecdotes of Impudence*, with a portrait of Mr. Home, M. P.

The Editor of the "Traveller" announces *Northwood*, a Novel, from the pen of Mrs. Hale. He says "We are glad to learn that the edition, which was a large one, is selling off rapidly; and that the ladies of Boston, have this week talked of nothing else, if we except Mrs. Knight, their favorite vocalist, than a country life and its pleasures, rural scenery, Yankee thanksgivings, New-England weddings, and a hundred other things, which are finely portrayed in *Northwood*."

MARRIED,

At New-York on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. Jacob Esselstyne, Junr. of Claverack, to Miss Sarah McLeod, of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 2d inst. Alfred, son of Abraham F. Macy, of Nantucket, aged 16 months.

On the—inst Alexander Heydenberk, son of Joseph and Lydia, aged 16 months and 20 days.

On Tuesday last, Mr. David Porter, about 50 years of age.

In the town of Ancram, on the 1st inst. after a short illness, Abraham D. Dunham, aged about 45.

In New-York, on Wednesday morning, Pierre C. Van Wyck, Esq. counsellor at law, in the 48th year of his age.

At Mobile, on the 23th Feb. last, Capt. Amasa K. Center, son of Robert Center, Esq. and formerly of this city.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

TO MY FATHER.

"For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding."—1 Chron. xxix. 15.

O, if here are cares depressing;
 If with smiles is mingled guile;
 If are woes thy heart caressing,
 As when in thy native isle—
 Let the blissful thought elate thee,
 Until all your griefs ye lose,
 That a blessed home awaits thee,
 Far above these shaded views.
 Grieve not then, if now we are
 Sojourners, as our fathers were.
 Here we must have tribulation,
 Here we feel the piercing thorn;
 O, how sweet the expectation
 Of a bright, unclouded morn.
 Soon our darksome days are ended,
 Soon no tears shall dim our eyes;
 Hymns with joy shall yet be blended,
 When we meet beyond the skies.
 'Tis a little time we are
 Sojourners, as our fathers were.
 Childhood's flow'rets now are faded,
 Spring's lov'd blossoms all are dead;
 Summer's glories now are shaded,
 Autumn's brilliancy has fled:
 Yet, O, mourn not winter dreary,
 Soon will pass the sullen gloom;
 Onward move, though faint and weary,
 See how bright beyond the tomb:
 Grieve not then, if now we are
 Sojourners, as our fathers were.
 Here our days have none abiding;
 As a shade they flee away;
 Narrow is the line dividing
 From the everlasting day:
 Shorter is thy day receding,
 From thy vision dim it glides—
 So a stream is ever speeding
 Till in ocean's bed it hides;
 Short the time that mortals are
 Sojourners, as their fathers were.
 Dearest father—soon we follow
 Where the tear is quite unknown;
 Now where is thy former sorrow,
 And where have thy sighings flown?
 Yes—beyond all transitory
 Beauties we shall mount afar,
 And when in the heights of glory,
 We shall see the Morning Star:
 'Tis a little time we are
 Sojourners, as our fathers were.
 Muse upon this princely favour,
 We shall see our Jesus smile,
 And the ever blessed Saviour
 Will look gracious all the while.
 Let us then in pensive hours,
 Think of this along the way;
 Ere we view that bliss as ours,
 We in Faith may view the day.
 Short the time that mortals are
 Sojourners, as our fathers were.

JULIA

The following lines from the pen of Thomas Campbell, Esq. are copied from an English paper, published about twenty years since; they have never been published with his other works, and there is so much sweetness and beauty in them that we cannot refrain from giving them a place in our Poetical department.—*Ed. Rep.*

CAROLINE.

Gem of the crimson color'd even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,
 Beloved star, dost thou delay?
 So fair thy pensile beauty burns
 When soft the tear of twilight flows
 So dire thy plighted step returns,
 To chambers brighter than the rose.
 To peace, to pleasure and to love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamor'd orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.
 This is the breathing, blushing hour,
 When all unheavenly passions fly;
 Chas'd by the soul-subduing power
 Of Love's delightful witchery.
 O! sacred to the fall of day
 Queen of propitious stars appear!
 And early rise, and long delay
 When Caroline herself is here.
 Shine on her chosen green resort,
 Where trees the sunward summit crown,
 And damask flowers that well may court
 An angel's feet to tread them down.
 Shine on her sweetly scented road,
 Thou star of evening's purple dome:
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
 And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.
 Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
 Embalms thy soft exhaling dew;
 Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
 To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.
 Where winnow'd by thy gentle air
 Her silken tresses darkly flow,
 And fall upon her brow so fair,
 Like shadows on the mountain snow.
 Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
 In converse sweet to wander far,
 O! bring with thee my Caroline,
 And thou shalt be my ruling Star.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Grace—race—ace.

PUZZLE II.—Because it bears a great many small blows.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What all on earth do ardently desire,
 The god, whose music tamed wild beasts, 'tis said;
 The very name of what our souls shall fire,
 And he who multiplied the widow's bread;
 The initials rightly join'd to view will bring
 A sweet, delusive, animating thing.

II.

What Peter has made the most noise in the world?

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